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Senior Recital: Adam Tarpey, tenor

Adam Tarpey

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Senior Recital:

Adam Tarpey, tenor

Richard Montgomery, piano

Kristy Shuck, soprano

Naya Griles, soprano

Gina O'Sullivan, soprano

Kerrienne Blum, mezzo

Kathleen Morrisroe, mezzo

Rebecca Emery, alto

Madison Hoerbelt, alto

Brendan Jacob Smith, tenor

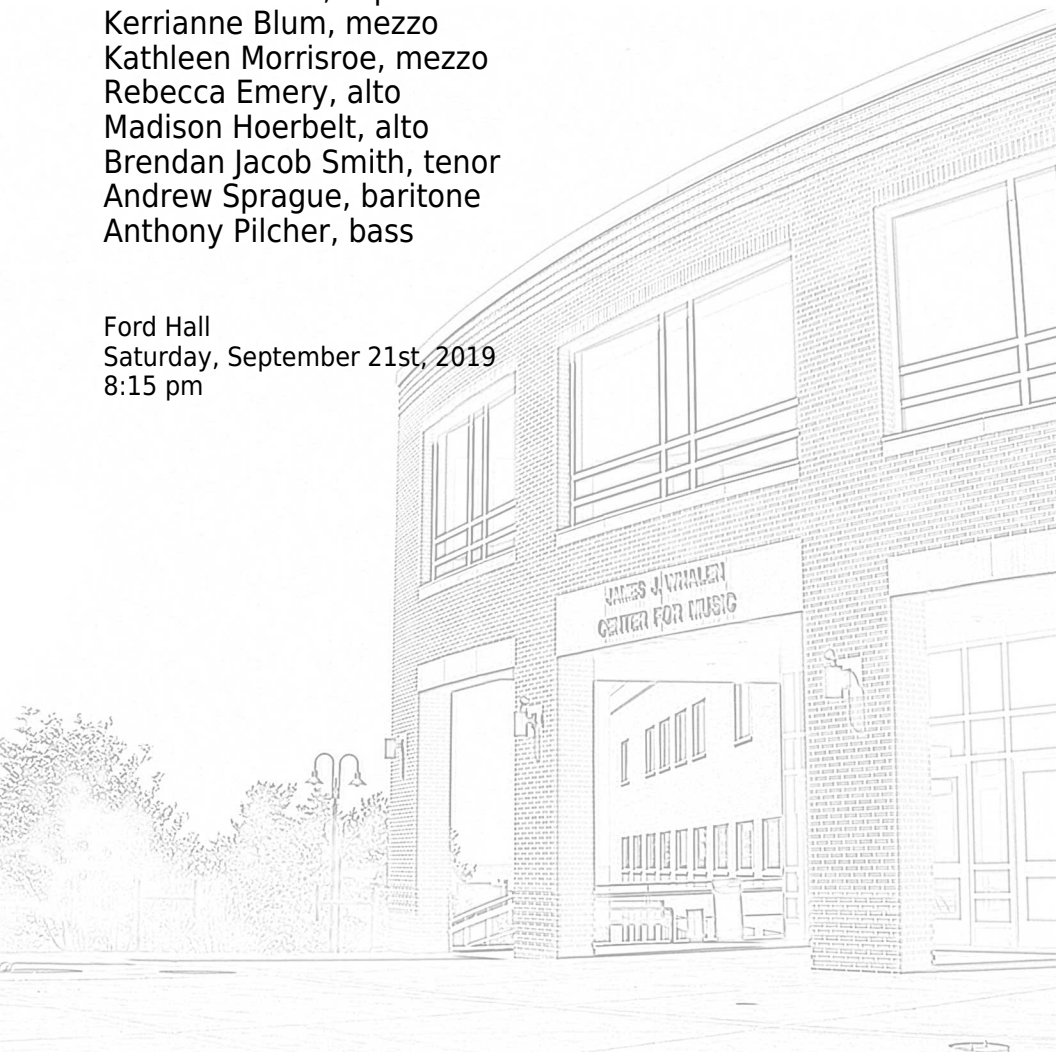
Andrew Sprague, baritone

Anthony Pilcher, bass

Ford Hall

Saturday, September 21st, 2019

8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Chanson Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Versailles

Heures ternes

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)
Sonetto XVI
Sonetto XXXI
Sonetto XXX
Sonetto LV
Sonetto XXIV

Intermission

Ständchen Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Die stille Stadt Alma Mahler
(1879-1964)

Ach! die Augen sind es wieder Nadia Boulanger

Before and After You Jason Robert Brown
(b.1970)
One Second and a Million Miles
from The Bridges of Madison County
Kristy Shuck, soprano

Monsters in the Dark Erin O'Rourke and Adam Tarpey
(b.1997 & 1996)

I Gave You All OPB Mumford & Sons
arr. Ryan Tarpey & Adam Tarpey

Naya Griles, soprano
Gina O'Sullivan, soprano
Kerrianne Blum, mezzo
Kathleen Morrisroe, mezzo
Rebecca Emery, alto
Madison Hoerbelt, alto
Brendan Jacob Smith, tenor
Andrew Sprague, baritone
Anthony Pilcher, bass

Translations

Chanson

Les lilas sont en folie, Cache cache Et les roses song jolies, Cachez-vous.	Lilacs are folly Hide and Seek And the roses are pretty, Hide yourself.
Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux! Et sous les vertes feuilles Cachez-vous!	Draw the curtains, draw the curtains! And under the green leaves Hide yourself!
Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!	Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Lilas et rosiers Ah ah! la belle, Ah ah! Ah ah! la plus belle, c'est toi!	Lilac and roses Ah! beautiful, Ah! the most beautiful, it's you!
Beaux seigneurs et dames belles, aime, aime, Dans vos atours de dentelles, Aimez-vous.	Fine lords and ladies, love, love, In your lace finery Do you like it.
Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux! Qui voudra de mon âme? Aimez-vous!	Draw the curtains, draw the curtains! Who will want my soul? Do you like it!
Ah ah! ah ah! ah ah!	Ah ah! ah ah! ah ah!
Amours et baisers, ah la belle ah ah! ah la plus belle c'est toi!	Love and kisses, oh beautiful Ah! ah the most beautiful is you!

Versailles

Ô Versailles, par cette après-midi fanée, Pourquoi ton souvenir m'obsède-t-il ainsi?	Oh Versailles, on this pale afternoon, why does your memory obsess me so?
---	--

Les ardeurs de l'été
s'éloignent, et voici
Que s'incline vers nous la
saison surannée.

The heat of summer is
withdrawing, and now
the faded season is bowing
towards us.

Je veux revoir au long d'une
calme journée
Tes eaux glauques que
jonche un feuillage roussi,
Et respirer encore, un soir
d'or adouci,
Ta beauté plus touchante au
déclin de l'année.

I'd like to see again, for a
long calm day,
your blue-green pools strewn
with russet leaves,
and again breathe in, on an
evening of soft gold,
your beauty which is more
poignant as the year
declines.

Comme un grand lys tu
meurs, noble et triste,
sans bruit;
Et ton onde épuisée au bord
moisi des vasques
S'écoule, douce ainsi qu'un
sanglot dans la nuit.

Like a great lily you die,
nobly, sadly, without
noise;
and your waters, not lapping
the basins' mouldy edges,
flow away, as soft as a sob in
the night.

Heures ternes

Voici d'anciens désirs qui
passent,
Encor des songes de lassés,
Encor des rêves qui se
lassent;
Voilà les jours d'espoir
passés!

Here are the old desires that
pass,
Again, dreams of tired
people,
Again, dreams that weary
themselves;
These the days of past
hope!

En qui faut-il fuir aujourd'hui!
Il n'y a plus d'étoile aucune:
Mais de la glace sur l'ennui
Et des linges bleus sous la
lune.

In whom must we flee
today!
There is no more star:
But ice on boredom
And blue cloths under the
moon.

Encor des sanglots pris au
piège!
Voyez les malades sans feu,

Again sobs trapped!
See the sick without fire,

Et les agneaux brouter la
neige;
Ayez pitié de tout, mon Dieu!

And the lambs graze on the
snow;
Pity all, my God!

Moi, j'attends un peu de
réveil,
Moi, j'attends que le sommeil
passe,
Moi, j'attends un peu de
soleil
Sur mes mains que la lune
glace.

Me, I await a little alarm,
Me, I await that sleep passes,
Me, I await a little sunlight,
On my hands that the moon
ices.

Sonetto XVI

Sì come nella penna e
nell'inchiostro
È l'alto e 'l basso e 'l
mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'immagin ricca
e vile,
Secondo che 'l sa trar
l'ingegno nostro;
Così, signor mie car, nel
petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse
ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me proprio
è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso
mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e
doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terrestre,
schietto e solo,
A vari semi vario si
converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete
e coglie;
Chi mira alta beltà con sì
gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene
acerbe e certe.

Just as in pen and ink
there is a high, low, and
medium style,
and in marble are images
rich and vile,
according to the art with
which we fashion it,
so, my dear lord, in your
heart,
along with pride, are perhaps
some humble thoughts:
but I draw thence only what
is proper for myself
in accordance with what my
features show.
Who sows sighs, tears and
lamentations
(dew from heaven on earth,
pure and simple,
converts itself differently to
varied seeds)
will reap and gather tears
and sorrow;
he who gazes upon exalted
beauty with such pain
will have doubtful hopes and
bitter, certain sorrows.

Sonetto XXXI

A che più debb'io mai
l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con
parole meste,
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che
l'alma veste,
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai
non ne spoglia?
A che 'l cor lass' a più
morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir? Dunque
per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men
moleste;
Ch'ogn' altro ben val men
ch'ogni mia doglia.
Però se 'l colpo, ch'io ne rub'
e 'nvolò,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è
destinato,
Ch'entrerà 'nfra la dolcezza e
'l duolo?
Se vint' e pres' i' debb'esser
beato,
Maraviglia non è se nud' e
solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier
armato.

To what purpose do I express
my intense desire
with tears and sorrowful
words
when heaven, which clothes
my soul,
neither sooner or later
relieves me of it?
To what purpose does my
weary heart long to die,
when all must die? So to
these
eyes my last hour will be less
painful,
all my joy being less than all
my pains.
If I cannot avoid the blow,
even seek them; since it is
destined,
who will stand between
sweetness and sorrow?
If I must be conquered in
order to be happy,
no wonder then that I,
unarmed and alone,
remain the prisoner of an
armed Cavalier?

Sonetto XXX

Veggio co' be' vostr'occhi un
dolce lume
che co' mie ciechi già veder
non posso;
porto co' vostri piedi un
pondo addosso,
che de' mie zoppi non è già
costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza
piume;
col vostro ingegno al ciel
sempre son mosso;

I see through your lovely
eyes a sweet light
which through my blind ones
I yet cannot see;
I carry with your feet a
burden
which with my lame ones I
cannot;
I fly with your wings, having
none of my own;
with your spirit toward
heaven I am always
moving;

dal vostro arbitrio son pallido
e rosso,
freddo al sol, caldo alle più
fredde brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la
voglia mia,
i miei pensier nel vostro cor
si fanno,
nel vostro fiato son le mie
parole.
Come luna da sé sol par ch'io
sia,
ché gli occhi nostri in ciel
veder non sanno
se non quel tanto che
n'accende il sole.

by your will I turn pale or
blush,
cold in the sun, warm in the
coldest weather.
Within your will alone is my
will,
my thoughts within your
bosom are born,
in your breath are my words.
I am like the moon, alone,
which our eyes cannot see in
the heavens
except that it is illumined by
the sun.

Sonetto LV

Tu sa, ch'io so, signor mie,
che tu sai
Ch'i veni per goderti più da
presso;
E sai ch'i' so, che tu sa' c'i'
son desso:
A che più indugio a salutarci
omai?
Se vera è la speranza che mi
dai,
Se vero è 'l buon desio che
m'è concesso,
Rompasi il mur fra l'uno e
l'altro messo;
Chè doppia forza hann' i
celati guai.
S'i' amo sol di te, signor mie
caro,
Quel che di te più ami, non ti
sdegni;
Che l'un dell'altro spirito
s'innamora,
Quel che nel tuo bel volto
bramo e 'mparo,
E mal compres' è degli umani

You know that I know, my
lord, that you know
I have come to take pleasure
in your presence;
and you know that I know
that you know I am
constant.
Why then do we hesitate to
greet one another
If it is true, this hope that you
give me,
if these desires are true
which come over me,
break down the wall between
one and the other;
hidden sorrows have twice
the force.
If I love only in you, my dear
lord,
that which you love most, do
not be angry;
let love spring up between
our two souls.
That which in your noble face
I seek
is but ill-understood by

ingegni,
Chi 'l vuol veder, convien che
prima mora.

humankind,
and he who wishes to see it
must first die.

Sonetto XXIV

Spirto ben nato, in cui si
specchia e vede
Nelle tuo belle membra
oneste e care

Noble spirit, in whom is
reflected,
and in whose beautiful limbs,
honest and dear, one can
see

Quante natura e 'l ciel tra no'
puo' fare,

all that nature and heaven
can achieve within us,
excelling any other work of
beauty;

Quand'a null'altra suo
bell'opra cede;

graceful spirit, within whom
one hopes and believes

Spirto leggiadro, in cui si
spera e crede

dwell - as they outwardly
appear in your face -

Dentro, come di fuor nel viso
appare,

love, pity, mercy, things so
rare

Amor, pietà, mercè, cose sì
rare

Che mà furn'in beltà con
tanta fede;

and never found in beauty so
truly;

L'amor mi prende, e la beltà
mi lega;

love takes me captive, and
beauty binds me;

La pietà, la mercè con dolci
sguardi

pity and mercy with sweet
glances

Ferma speranz'al cor par che
ne doni.

fill my heart with strong
hope.

Qual uso o qual governo al
mondo nega,

What law or power in the
world,

Qual crudeltà per tempo, o
qual più tardi,

what cruelty of this time or of
a time to come,

C'a sì bel viso morte non
perdoni?

could keep Death from
sparing such a lovely
face?

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem
Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut';

The moon stands over the
mountain,
so fitting for love struck
people.

Im Garten rieselt ein
Brunnen,

In the garden ripples a
fountain;

Sonst Stille weit und breit.

otherwise, stillness far and wide.

Neben der Mauer im
Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und
Zither,
Und singen und spielen
dabei.

Next to the wall, in the
shadows,
there stands the students
three:
with flute and violin and
zither,
they sing and play there.

Die Klänge schleichen der
Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden
Geliebten
und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht
mein!“

The sounds steals to the
loveliest one
gently into her dream,
she sees her blond lover
and whispers: “Forget me
not!”

Die stille Stadt

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lang mehr
dauern,
Bis weder Mond noch Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day comes to an end.
It will not be much longer,
until neither moon nor stars
only night in the heaven
stands.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, noch Hof
noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch
heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und
Brücken.

From all the mountains
descends
fog upon the town,
no roof, nor yard or house,
or sound pierces through its
smoke,
hardly even a tower of bridge
is seen.

Doch als dem Wanderer
graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im
Grund

But as the traveler began to
fear,
a small light appeared down
below

Und aus dem Rauch und
Nebel
Begann ein Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

and out of the smoke and
mist
began a soft hymn
from the mouth of a child.

Ach! die Augen sind es wieder

Ach, die Augen sind es
wieder,
Die mich einst so lieblich
grüßten,
Und es sind die Lippen
wieder,
Die das Leben mir versüßten.

Ah! The eyes are the same
eyes,
that once greeted me so
kindly,
and the lips are the same
lips,
that once made my life so
sweet.

Auch die Stimme ist es
wieder,
Die ich einst so gern gehöret!
Nur ich selber bin's nicht
wieder,
Bin verändert heimgekehret.

And the voice is the same,
that I once so gladly
belonged to!
Only I am not the same,
I have returned home
changed.

Von den weißen, schönen
Armen
Fest und liebevoll
umschlossen,
Lieg ich jetzt an ihrem
Herzen,
Dumpfen Sinnes und
verdroßen.

By the white, beautiful arms
firmly and lovingly
surrounded,
lie I now on her breast,
of indifferent mind and
morose.

The translation for *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* are kindly provided by Dr. Carl Johengen.